

when spoken to, but this ghost didn't. On the contrary Rashleigh's ghost was in a hurry to escape. Like Sterne's stalling he wanted to get out. With eyes that saw not his quondam friend from Cleveland he made hastily for the door. But the friend from Cleveland was not willing to lose this first rate chance of the latest news from the other world. He followed Rashleigh's ghost. He seized the vanished ghost by the ghostly button of a ghostly overcoat and held him, not only like the Ancient Mariner with his glittering eye, but by a cloth covered button. He followed him to the street and demanded the meaning of this unkind cut. Rashleigh's ghost turned slowly, remarked that he wasn't Rashleigh but another man, and essayed to flee, but in vain.

Then the wrath of Rashleigh's friend broke forth in bitter words. He recalled the days and nights they had spent together, the hash of which they had mutually partaken, the "jolly times" they had enjoyed in concert, and a host of things, which went to prove the close intimacy, and that of very recent existence, between them. Nay more, he pointed to the familiar clothes, the well remembered hat, those foot leathers that still squeaked reproachful recollections of the shoemaker, the scar upon his intellectual countenance, and then asked how human baseness and folly could descend so low as to deny himself to an old friend in spite of these damning proofs of his identity. The ghost answered not, but struggled to be free. The wrath of the repudiated friend grew more furious. He poured out terms of bitter reproach. He clenched his fists and would have darkened the ghostly optics with a heavy mortal fist but for the proximity of a policeman. As it was he cursed the ghost as a lying scoundrel and let him go.

But his blood was up, and he spent his few remaining hours in Cincinnati in hunting up the surroundings of Rashleigh's ghost in its Cincinnati existence. He found something.

Rashleigh says in his letter he was driven to desperation and death by the pressing of an "unjust claim" of a hundred or two dollars. He appeared to be rubbing along pretty well in Cincinnati, and his last appearance was in the direction of a shoe store.

Rashleigh jumped into the Mississippi and drowned himself because of the unfaithfulness of his wife, who protests she is cruelly slandered in that "dying letter." Rashleigh's body, having been buried at Acre's Landing, resurrected itself, and a week after the funeral was living with a woman of the town on Elm street in Cincinnati.

Why did Rashleigh commit suicide? How came he to life again and reappearances in Cincinnati, probably under another name? There are two circumstances bearing on these questions and throwing some light on the probable answer. He was actually, we understand, married to a young woman in Carbondale, Pennsylvania, whom he shook off by sending her home from Cleveland by a false story, and from whom he perhaps wished to free himself altogether. *His life was insured for seventeen thousand dollars.* The latter fact probably furnishes a clue to the whole mystery.

see p. 1470.27

The Rashleigh Matter.

In regard to the case of F. W. Rashleigh, that last season married into one of our most respectable families, and was recently reported to have committed suicide, we expected some information from St. Louis ere this, which has not yet been received. We have received however a racy article on the subject in the *Cleveland Herald* of April 28th, entitled "The Dead Alive," which we give entire, reserving comment for the present.

Carbondale Advance
May 7, 1870, p. 3